June Issue

Use Story of Bedaux Expedition as it appeared in Shoulder Strap

Current File H.

January 11, 1944

Mr. Z. M. Hamilton
Secretary, Historical Society
Regina
Saskatchewan

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

I have been out of town and haven't, until now, had a chance to catch up on my letters. I found yours of December 20th most interesting and am keeping it as one of my most valuable sources. I wish I could meet you and have a long talk.

I will certainly keep confidential y your comments on Paddy Nolan. I have read the Stubb's book, and agree with you that the Edwards article is excellent -- the Nolan one not so good. I am especially interested in Edwards, and am going to write a play about him for production at Banff this summer. I have collected, also, quite a number of the "Eye Opener", which, as you know, are quite hard to come by. I would like to work toward a complete file, since one doesn't seem to exist.

I have numerous articles about John McDougall and also his brother Dave. The Luxton family at Banff are "mad at me" for saying that Dave used to spin some tall stories -- in fact, he was an artist -- a fact which I think the Luxton family should be proud of.

I wish, if you get time, you would tell me about the Bar U, especially Fred Stimson, and George Lane, if you recall any anecdotes.

I didn't know that Howell Harris witnessed the Cree-Blackfeet battle, but I am not surprised. He seems to have seen and done a lot of unusual things!

Johnny Franklin was still alive a couple of weeks ago, but is in very bad shape as the result of a stroke. I haven't seen him, and fear it is too late.

Mr. Z. M. Hamilton

I have heard several stories about Jack Symonds, but had never heard the one about the Boer War.

Norman Macleod of Lethbridge, has told me quite a lot about Jerry Potts. He was certainly a great character.

Many of the other names you mention are new sources. I appreciate so much the interest you have taken in this Project. I think I have done fairly well as a start on the job, but there is so much I don't know , and haven't heard. If you could find time to write me occasionally, it would help immensely.

Many regards and best wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Robert E. Gard

P.S. Do you know Mr. Robert Pearson, the Provincial Movie Censor for Alberta? He seems to be a good source on Edwards. Have you ever heard about Edwards and his campaign for Prohibition? The tale was told me, but I need confirmation.

G.

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December 20th, 1943.

Mr. Robert E. Gard,
Department of Extension,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Mr. Gard:

I have your letter of December 17th and I am very much interested in its contents and your work.

I shall certainly be glad to give you all the assistance in my power; but you must remember that it is nearly forty years since I lived in Alberta and things have changed very much there since then.

I have had little personal experience of the country North of the Bow River but was, at one time, quite familiar with the region from Calgary south to the international boundary and, believe me, it was then an interesting territory and inhabitated by some extremely interesting people. I will try and give you a few leads that may help you in your investigation, but in so doing, I would like you to keep entirely confidential what I say about "Paddy" Nolan which is only for yourself, so that you may draw your own conclusions.

In the first place, have you read an exceedingly interesting little book written by Roy Stubbs, the son of the famous ex-Judge Stubbs of Manitoba and quite a brilliant young writer who is at present serving his country in the Canadian Air Force? This book is entitled "Lawyers and Laymen" and it contains two sketches that may be of use to you--one of R. C. Edwards of Eye Opener fame, and one of the famous "Paddy" Nolan.

The Edwards article is altogether admirable, and portrays him very well although it did not cover by any means all his territory. Edwards, as you may have gathered from local tradition, was really a remarkable character. He was a cultured Scot, the member of a very distinguished literary Scottish family and a genius in his own right. Although one would never know it from some of his productions, he was one of the kindest, most humane and modest gentlemen I have ever known. If you care, I could give you some stories about Edwards that I feel might interest you.

"Paddy" Nolan, however, is a horse of "a different colour" and I am afraid that young Stubbs was lead somewhat astray in the information that he received about him; and, indeed, he found out that he was wrong in some of his personal details shortly before his book was published, but it was then too late to make corrections.

Stubbs obtained most of his information, I believe, from a certain Colonel Porter, who was at one time connected with the staff of the Calgary Herald, who likes to fancy himself an authority on old times and old timers and who, I do not think, knew "Paddy" in his heyday.

"Paddy" was the wittiest man I ever knew, and had to an extraordinary extent the Irishman's gift of ready speech and repartee. When I knew him, he was by no means an estimable character and there was considerable suspicion that he had been mixed up in a number of questionable enterprises. Stubbs portrays him as rather a good-looking man. As a matter of fact, he had a rather repulsive appearance. He was below the middle heighth and pretty nearly as broad as he was long with a paunch that shook and trembled as he walked. He had little twinkling eyes that peered out from a great acreage of rather porcine cheeks, and a black cow's horn moustache that certainly did not add to his good-looks. He was usually in a state of profuse prespiration and was constantly mopping his brow. Despite his bulk, he was quite active and bounced about his occasions like a rubber ball. His extraordinary wit, however, gave him a remarkable position in the Calgary of the period, and there are many interesting stories to be told about him.

I think that if you so desire, I could tell you some unwritten anecdotes of Fred Stimson of the "Bar U" and about Pat Burns as well.

I knew Father Lacombe quite intimately. At the time of which I speak, he was a great figure of Calgary life. Then too there is the Lord Bishop of Calgary and Saskatchewan who was a picturesque character in his own right.

You have doubtless heard many stories of Dr. John McDougall, the Methodist missionary to the Stonies. He had a fine sense of dramatic values, and a marvelous gift of exaggeration. Bob Edwards once wrote of him in the Eye Opener that, "there are four liars in Alberta, one being Fred Stimson of the Bar U and the other three the Reverend John McDougall".

You are quite right in saying there are possibilities in respect to E. H. Hodder. He had been married, I think, three times, and in due course, not so long after his last marriage, he turned up at the Bar of the Alberta Hotel and ordered champagne for the benefit of the droughty crowd usually assembled there. While consuming this somewhat inspiriting beverage, Fred Stimson walked up to him with his Mexican spurs clanking and his glass in hand, said, "What is the grand occasion, Hodder?"

"My God," replied Hodder, "don't you know, my wife's got a son?"

"Yes", replied Stimson, setting his glas down on the bar, "and who in hell do you blame for it?"

Mr. Robert E. Gard

Incidentally, Hodder at the time was approaching eighty years.

You ought to get lots of tradition and folklore from McLeod that at the time of which I speak was the typical cow-town of Alberta. McLeod in these days would take a good deal of description. My wife and I, forty years ago, witnessed a running gun battle in its streets. The Mounted Police were shooting at a cowboy "on the rampage", who, armed with a lariet was picking the "red coats" off their horses with perfect precision, and dumping them on the prairie.

You speak of Howell Harris who really was a McLeod man, I wonder if you were told that he witnessed the last great fight in the war between the Blackfeet and the Crees which took place near the present site of Lethbridge when the Crees were defeated and suffered a number of casulties.

Have you any information about "Jerry" Potts, the Halfbreed scout of the Mounted Police at McLeod, who was the very best plainsman who ever sat in saddle leather. The story of "Jerry" from his boyhood days is full of absorbing interest.

I think Johnny Franklin must be still alive. He was, I think, originally a Texas man who came up the old Chisholm trail with a bunch of Texan longhorns, and was an unbeaten rider.

Did you ever hear of a McLeod worthy called Jack Symonds? He was a range rider of note and afraid of nothing on the face of the earth. When Colonel "Sam" Steele was mobilizing Strathcona's Horse, Symonds was supposed to be hiding somewhere in the Porcupine Hills on account of a little matter of horse stealing. He wrote to Colonel Steele without disclosing his whereabouts and wanted to know if he would be granted immunity if he came in and joined Strathcona's Horse. Steele, who was a most understanding gentleman conveyed word to him that it would be all right and the police would not bother him.

Accordingly, he joined up and going to South Africa, distinguished himself on active service and was made a sergeant.

On one occasion, a patrol of the Strathcona's, of which Symonds was a member, approached a Boer house. A white flag was displayed from one of the windows, but as the patrol rode up, it was withdrawn, and the Canadians were met with a volley which wounded several men including the commissioned officer.

Symonds, being the next in rank tookcommand, withdrew the troopers to a ravine where they dismounted and, leaving their horses, advanced in skirmishing order upon the Boer house. It was soon captured and its inmates made prisoners.

Symonds told the prisoners that they were guilty of a violation of the rules of modern warfare and they would have to pay the penalty. He had their hands tied behind their backs and proceeded to hang them one by one to the few trees that stood forlornely about the place. The third man was still kicking when a British Staff Officer rode up and wanted to know "what in hell was going on here".

"That's just what I was wondering, sir," said Symonds, "I think these fellows must have committed suicide because they were losing the war". The execution of the remainder of the prisoners was called off, certainly to the great relief of the Boers still not hung.

There are a hundred stories about Symonds and on one occasion while on leave in Pretoria, he was having a drink at a bar when a diminutive English "Tommy" asked Symonds, who was very tall "'ow's the weather up there?"

"It's raining," replied Symonds and to prove his contention, squirted some tobacco juice in the eye of the English soldier, and a fight at once ensued.

Now in addition to those whom I have mentioned, here is a list of Southern Alberta people whose ancient activities might well be of interest to you.

Dave McDougall of Morley, brother of the "Reverend John";

"Jimmy" Smart, the Fire Chief of Calgary;

Mr. and Mrs. Goddard of the Bow River Horse Ranch;

J. A. W. Fraser of Jumping Pond;

"Tammas" Burns, long City Treasurer of Calgary;

T. B. Braden, one of the founders of the Calgary Herald;

J. H. Tomlinson, long Business Manager of the Calgary Herald;

Norman Luxton of Banff, who once made an extraordinary voyage in a canoe half around the world in the Pacific;

W. F. Cochrane, Manager of the great Cochrane Ranch South of McLeod;

F. W. Godsal, Pincher Creek rancher;

Colonel Sanders, Mounted Police officer and police magistrate of Calgary;

Chief English of the Calgary Police;

The Critchley family, all gigantic Englishmen who in later years achieved practically international fame;

The Beresford Brothers of Calgary;

Viscount Boyle of the McLeod district, afterwards the Earl of Shannon.

Nor must you forget the Honourable Thomas Cochrane and his wife Lady Adela who in 1896 attempted to defeat Frank Oliver for the Alberta Federal seat.

Mr. Robert E. Gard

I have mentioned these names in the hope that they may be of use to you in your researches. If there are any of them in particular that you would like a story about, please let me know and I will do my best. With every good wish for the Christmas Season.

Yours sincerely,

Z M Hamilton

ZMH/DP

Secretary.

1945.

MEMORANDUM FOR DECEMBER ISSUE - FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

Section -(As We Were Saying) - Use "Some Western Christmas yarns Vol. V-1 (Note Book No. 6.) for basis of editorial. Deals with various types of Christmas dinners concocted by lonely bachelors,etc.
Include in this editorial Nitchie Thorne and the bootlegger - Babe Couteau,etc.,.....

- Refer to, perhaps, Xmas at Ft. Smith -(Vanishing Fronier ?)

The Eskimo's Ten Commandments (Red Hunters of the Snows.

Ghost Stories -- Pierce's Ghost?

The two squaws who ate the mail coureurs.

Suggested articles,Dec.issue: Edson Trail from Romance of Alaska Highway, or Before the Highway Came, to be followed by Edson Trail later.

Christmas Neath the Northern Lights.
Item from Calgary Herald written by P.H.Godsell (see scrap book) on Christmas at Ft.Edmonton.

Story of Indian woman's dream that appeared in Edmonton Journal in August (latter part);pertaining to dream responsible for finding drowned men.... Clipping somewhere on file.
Poem: Men of Hudson's Bay..... (Bring to office) -
" from Rod & Gun - " " "
From Note Boon No.6, extracts from "Yarns from Edmonton" -
" " " " " Possible extracts from Old Fort Whoop-Up -

Old Bow Fort. **Murder story by Mrs Palby.**
Fur War Strategy - Musgrove.
~~Fur War Strategy~~
A Spirited Christmas
The Crimson Stain

The summer passed with nothing worse than clouds of mosquitoes to worry about. But when fall came with all its dry winds, a prairie fire broke out. All day, as the fire blazed closer, farmers were kept busy ploughing up the land around the town so the flames couldn't destroy all their hopes and dreams. Even Charlie and Ann, who only two years before had come from the east to open up this great new country, were working hard to assure the safety of this western town they had both grown to love and to call their "home."

THE END

THE POW—WOW OF 1897

Can you picture Edmonton in 1897? The event took place on the South Side just about where the Armories now stand. These ceremonies would start about the thirtieth of June. The Indians would make their camp around where the swimming pool at Riverside Park now is, and dress for the three day show.This show, as described by a regular attender to these pow-wows wasa fascinating collaberation of mysterious, religious, chants and wild dancing. The dancing to the rhythm of tom-toms would start in early evening and continue until four or five in the morning for three nights in a row.

As a result of these pow-wows the only attendents at Scona school were the teachers.

The Daddies of the Medicine Hat Rifle Assn
By John. J. Laut

During the spring of 1899 Tom Hayer. George Borrodale. Jim Plumley J. K. Drinnan Captain H. H. Ross. Captain Parker, Chas Anderson and the Writer, held a meeting in the Hayer Blacksmith shop, which was situated on site where the Monarch Theater is now, to organize the first Medicine Hat Rifle Club.
~~It was decided at this meeting~~ to go ahead at once, When some one asked what we would use for Rifles, Tom Talgu said, well I've got an old rifle which was through the Riel Rebelion and if the Recoil of a gun is anything to go by, it's a dandy.
Finally we rounded up half a Dozen of these old timers, Manufactured by the S.B.A.Co 1866-20 cal single shot carrying a ball as big as a mans thumb our first range was located on the old Athletic Park just West of the C.P.R bridge. This site was owned by the Anglican Church and I believe (Park) was formally used by the Church for a school for Indian children, we could only get a two hundred yd range, as we had for safety reasons to shoot from the River to the by bank northward.
Some few years later, We got help from the Dominion authorities Ottawa and built

a modern Rifle Range on the Police Point with ranges from two hundred to Six hundred yards, I believe our longest range was one thousand I remember that Cap Parker told us that they used to cant the rifle sideways to allow for windage, in the old days, which was newer to most of us, but the Captain made a very good pattern just the same. Incedently the writer purchased the old Ewart and Sweed General store, which used to stand on the present site of the Black Hardware store, second St. and when moving the building, I came across six of the old Rifles and five hundred rounds of ammunition hidden behind some boards in the attic these rifles I was told by Mr Ewart were put there when the Rebelion was on, but were not used afterwards and had been forgotten.

John. J. Laird

P.O. Box 196

Medicine Hat
February 9th 1946

Editor
Alberta Folklore
University of Alberta
Edmonton

Dear Sir

We look forward to the arrival of our copy of Alberta Folklore each quarter and derive a great deal of pleasure reading it.

It occurred to me that you could possibly use the enclosed items. I came to Manitoba in the early nineties and to Medicine Hat in 1894 and have seen many changes.

Wishing you success with your publication

I am Yours Sincerely

John. J. Laird

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REVENU NATIONAL DU CANADA
(SERVICES DES DOUANES ET DE L'ACCISE)

433 Post Office Bldg.,
Edmonton, Alberta,
October 20, 1945.

Philip H. Godsell, Esq.,
Alberta Folklore Quarterly,
University of Alberta,
EDMONTON, Alberta.

Dear Mr. Godsell:

I am enclosing herewith several copies of the Civil Service Bulletin in which you will find the following stories:

He Called For A Horse
Canada's National Buffalo Herd
Crowfoot - Chief of the Blackfoot
* Early Experiences in Alberta Winters
The Beaver River Route
Crossing the Rockies
The Last Sun Dance
Fort Augustus
Ranching in Southern Alberta.

I see no reason why you should not make use of any of these articles, as none have been officially published except *, and I know the Calgary Herald would not object.

I hope to some day write a family history and would use these I have written, therein. I am looking up other material for future writings.

Will you please acknowledge receipt of the enclosed, and advise me whether it is of suitable type for publication in the Alberta Folklore Quarterly.

Wishing the Publication every success, I am

Sincerely yours,

Ernest S. George

Ernest S. George

Encls.
ESG/HMK.

If any of my own articles are used, would it be possible for me to have some run off before the type is dismantled?
ESG

The following members of my family might be interested in subscribing to your Magazine.

H B George. Bank of Montreal Grande Prairie Alta
Chas L George 1237. 11 ave W Calgary
J M George 221 5th ave NE Calgary
Mrs Robert Gray } 1066 Roslyn Road Oak Bay
Miss Yule George } Victoria B.C.
Mrs N Heeney 888 West 17 ave Vancouver
Mrs J Day Jr RR 3 Redcliff Alta
W G L George Cheswick P.O. Ontario

You might also try BERNARD.
Geo. M. Bernard. Parksville. B.C.
My Uncle, who went overland through Edmonton to the Yukon in '98 and he could give you some really interesting material.

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

Have you ever heard of Youngstown? Not many people have nowadays, but way back in the 1900's the sentence, "Go west, young man," was in every man's mind.

Even to Charlie Sterling and his beautiful bride came the thought of the west, where wheat could yield 50, and 60 of number one hard wheat, and where land could be had cheap.

And so in the summer 1911, Charlie and Ann Sterling left Stratford, Ontario, and travelled by train to a town called Calgary. Here, Charlie left Ann and went to the end of the railroad, which was Bassano, in hopes of buying a hardware store there. On look at the surrounding coutry and Charlie was prepared to push on to another community. It took him a week by oxen and cart to reach it. He felt sure this was the town. It allready had a prosperous start - a general store and post office both owned and operated by the Young Brothers, the whole thing being called Youngstown.

In the fall of the same year Ann met Charlie in Castor and discovering that he had acquired a crawling case of she insisted on going with her husband to this wonderful new town. The small party of four, set out from Castor in the first auto this town hadever seen, and arrived in Youngstown two days later, even though it is only a distance of seventy-five miles. The lumber for Charlie's store had to be freighted across country, by oxen of course.

When Ann saw the town, or buildings which served as the town, she nearly cried. "How could Charlie have brought me to such a place," she thought. However, after seeing how friendly the few farmers were to her, and how much they welcomed the first woman ever to set foot in the town, she made up her mind to stick it out no matter what.

A shack had been fixed up for the couple, but a bed couldn't be found anywhere, so the two screen doors were just as comfortable. By the way, that same shack is now a milkhouse near Youngstown.

Business was good that first winter, with money rolling into the town like water. Often Ann and Charlie hadto stay up till three in the morning to get orders ready to leave at dawn, as the drivers seldom drove at night for fear of getting lost and freezing to death in one of the frequent blizzards.

In the spring of 1912 the railway survey party came from Winnipeg. They pitched their tent next to Charlie's hardware store, and found that the bestrailroad location ran through the valley - two miles away. Then from Alsask, the end of the steel, came the construction gang, laying down the road bed as they travelled to Hanna through Youngstown. They brought all their supplies with them, and to keep their meat fresh, it was stored in a box perched on eighty foot poles.

When July of the same year hadrolled around, the steel had finally reached Youngstown. Ann, the first woman in the town, drove the last spike as happy homesteaders looked on. Shortly afterwards, Charlie moved his store into the valley to the railroad with others following his lead, and thus the new town grew rapidly.

The first load of merchandise over the C.P.R. road went to Charlie's store.

Throughout the second winter, coal trains, drawn by oxen, from the minesat Sherrness, came plodding over the snow covered prairie tothe new railroad centre. Many of the drivers stopped at the hardware store to eat their frozen dinners, and many a time, Anne made roomfor them to sleep in her home as the weather made the roads impassible.

— Old Mac's Undershirt —

"Old Mac" or "Mac Britz", one never knew his first name, lived at Demarcation Point on the Arctic Coast west of Herschel Island. His claim was right on the Alaska-Yukon boundary and he was an American citizen. Old Mac had lived in the country since the whaling ship days; he used to be an able seaman and skipper schooned to a station. He was quite a well educated gentle old chap, a very cheerful character and never grew tired of anything else than "Old Mac".

Now Mac had a great liking for a little game of poker now and then and he carried a US twenty dollar gold piece in his undershirt in case the worse befell him at a game. Every summer he used to make visits to Herschel Island for a game of poker and one of the Police were always ready to entertain him. He visited by the Hudson Bay he usually with Constable Gus Hardy, Constable Johnston, Sam Taylor and Constable Hendrickson of the R.C.M.P. Post.

One evening in the winter of 1916-17 Old Mac arrived and the rendezvous was the Police Barracks that night. We played straight poker in those days, no "wild" cards or "deuces wild pots" that you meet with these days, and it is the best game.

The cards had not been going so well for Old Mac when he said to me "Could I see you over for a few minutes I'll have to get some more money". Everyone sat up and took notice. Would Old Mac take off his undershirt!

I said "certainly Mac" and a minute or so later he asked me to come in. Mac had his undershirt off and said "Have you a knife or scissors please I have a little cash I always keep sewed into my undershirt & I sewed it in so well I can't get it out". I obliged and I can see Old Mac now cutting away some stitches on the breast of his undergarment & lay right $20.00 U.S. Gold Piece.

We went back to the game and from then on Old Mac's luck changed. ~~and~~ He vanished back to Demarcation Point Alaska with some of our cash stowed in his undershirt. The occasion was unique.

Klondike City Yukon Territory
Ex R.C.M.P.

Yours truly
H. L. Grandin

Yours truly Inspt.

Dawson Feb 25 46.

Hold for filler.

Voodooism in the North. Cannibalism in the Land of Pale Blue Snow? Witch-doctors in the country of the caribou and musk ox? Impossible!

But nothing's impossible up there on Canada's Last Frontier. In the land where civilization and Stone Age rub shoulders, black magic and witchcraft still hold sway with the potent power of long tradition.

Grizzled old medicine men, steeped in aboriginal traditions brought across Bering Straits in the dim past from the steppes of Asia, still bolster up their powers with super-natural rites like the witch doctors of darkest Africa. Or, in some Northern mission, you may run across some leathery faced old crone who still lives because she once dined upon her family.

In my travels I once came upon an old squaw who claimed to be 120 years old. She could even recall the brawny traders of the old North West Company careening across the lake in their birch-bark canoes manned by red shirted Iroquois paddlers from Caughnawaga. Shrivelled and dark as a mummy, her beady eyes missed nothing. She was too old to live the Indians told me so they let her rustle her own living.

Bad luck finally struck the band. Moose and caribou disappeared overnight so the medicine man proceeded to smell out the cause of the trouble. It was the Indian woman! She was possessed of an evil spirit - that's why she wouldn't die. The was only one thing to do.

Building a fire of resinous spruce her sons cast her upon the flaming pyre to drive out the evil spirits and bring back the caribou. When the fire burned low they fond the heart still intact amongst the ashes - ~~surxxxxxxxxx~~ so full of evil

that the flames could not consume it. So they impaled it on a stick as though it was a duck and nonasked it ofer the fire till there was no doubt the evil spirit had shrivelled up.

Speaking the the Great Bear Lake Indians amongst whom h lived Father Petito tell of an instance which occurred during th e Great Famine. "A hunter killed his young daughter with a ~~xxxx~~ hatchet blow, cooked her flesh and ate it. It is said after one has once partaken of human flesh the appetite for it returns. I hasten to add that this particular hunter has snot succumbed to such an appetite. He is, indeed, an excellent Christian. Nevertheless," concludes the father with a touch of whimsical irony," I would not like to camp with him in time of famine.

Follow up with story of William J. Spence and Murdock Morrison, mail coureurs hauling their sleighs northward from Good Hope. Trailed by starving squaws, pounced upon the trail-wornmen as they slept and killed with axes. Devoured and later story got out through one of the squaws complaining the Morrison, who was a heavy smoker tasted too strongly of tobacco.

~~Now, M~~r. Innes ~~makes the creation of plum duff sound very simple and easy,~~ but Bob Edwards, the famous Calgary newspaper man, ~~however~~, had a recipe ~~that sounds more difficult. As I write this broadcast I have a few copies of Bob's old paper~~ The Calgary Eye Opener ~~on my desk.~~ I'll just read you Bob's ~~recipe~~ for plum duff:

"Take one quart of brandy, two handfuls of plums and raisins, a chunk of suet, some salt and a lot of flour. Knead the last three ingredients well together, pouring into yourself enough brandy to keep from getting tired. When your pudding is of sufficient consistancy, hang it on the clothes line and beat with a yule log. Roll into a round ball, try slowly, to raise it above your head with one hand to see if it is heavy enough, and then saturate plentifully with brandy. Set fire to the mess and serve quickly. Return to the kitchen and put balance of brandy out of pain."

And old Bob also had a fine recipe for Christmas mayonaise. "Take," wrote Bob, "two ounces of butter, sift a pound or two of red pepper over it until the whole mass begins to smoke. Break an egg, if you care to, but do not waste it on the mayonaise. Put it into a long glass, beat it up with a fork, add sugar, pour in a little milk and heaping glass of whiskey. ~~Sprinkle some~~

RACE

By

Andrew Graham.

The Indian trails begin to fade
Like wakes his war canoes once made,
The moccasins his foot once laid
With stealthy tread through virgin glade,
Travel the trails through prairie grass,
And whisper softly, as they pass.

We call ourselves Canadian,
Who hail from every country!
And our loyalty is spoken
In a language somewhat broken,
While an Oriental flavour
Adds a spicy Eastern savor
To the Anglo-Saxon word
That binds it all.
When this new land tones the mixture
To a stable, solid fixture,
And our music and our art are more distinct,
Will the strident note be louder,
Or the motive any prouder
When the deeper native tinge becomes extinct?
Where our busy sons and daughters
Are harnessing the waters,
The paddle of the hunter used to sweep;
And a noisy population
Breaks the quiet isolation
Where the spirit of a Warrior would sleep.

The quiet foot of Indian pride
Shrinks from our civilizing stride,
And modern wheels of industry
Speed broaded trails, from sea to sea,
And mixed tongues and never race
Claim a Dominion - by God's grace.

BIRTH OF ST. ALBERT.

Father Lacombe, a young French-Canadian priest, came to Fort Edmonton from Fort Garry in 1852. He had a dash of Indian blood in his veins, and life on the western plains had called to him since childhood. Father Thibault who had operated a mission amongst the Crees for nine years was worn out, and Bishop Provencher at Red River sent the young man to take his place. His strong body was built for just this work, his soul keyed to it; never did knight of old ride forth more joyously to seek adventure; never did Paladin more gloriously achieve it, than did Father Lacombe.

He came to Edmonton with the fall York boat brigade and spent the winter in the palisaded fort overlooking the Saskatchewan. When spring came striding over the hills he was up and away. Up river, down river, north and south, he tramped until he decided at last to make his headquarters at Lac Ste. Anne, fifty miles north-west of the fort. Because of fishing and fuel Father Thibault had chosen this site ten years before since it was distant from the Blackfoot trail, and therefore reasonably safe.

The "man of the great heart" as he later became known to the coppery denizens of the plains, remained at Lac Ste. Anne for some years. The Father divided his days between work in the field and routine mission affairs. The simple-hearted Crees received his religion gladly but were not so willing to dig and hoe in the potatoe field. Led by the good priest they planted and soon had comfortable log dwellings and little farms.

While Bishop Taché of Red River was paying his second visit to Ste. Anne Father Lacombe was startled by the appearance of a tall Blackfoot chief arrayed in all the gorgeous panoply of eagle feathers and buckskin. The chief desired the Bishop

to send a priest to the Blackfeet. He promised that they would treat the man respectfully and while he was with them they would not make war upon the Crees. The priest, it was suggested, should carry a white flag with a red cross so that the Blackfeet would always know. Father Lacombe had been urging that a Blackfoot mission be established near the fort. Bishop Taché now confirmed the idea, and the choice fell on St. Albert as the site.

"Here you will build a chapel," the Bishop struck his staff into the snow on the hill-top overlooking the lovely valley of the Sturgeon River. It was the spring of 1861. Life at Lac Ste. Anne was already too settled for the adventurous spirit of Father Lacombe and he turned with delight to the founding of the new mission. As soon as the snow was off the ground he rounded up cayuses, oxen, Red River carts and farm implements, and with Michel and Rose, his two Metis servants, set out for Sturgeon River. They pitched their buffalo-hide tepee on the hillside where the Bishop had stood and after prayers began their work next morning. With two other Metis they crossed the river to the spruce woods and cut and squared logs for buildings, one of the ~~xxx~~ oxen being used to draw them to the selected site. Meanwhile two of the men cleared and broke the ground for the farm upon which they were to depend so largely for their living.

Presently some of the Ste. Anne folk turned up. Devoted to Father Lacombe as they were they preferred to come and work for him than to go out on the summer buffalo hunt. The men worked on the houses, the women planted carrots, onions, beets, cabbage, turnips and a large field of potatoes. Father Lacombe was in his element. His energetic spirit had now full scope. Now in the

saw-pit; now helping his dark-skinned labourers to rear the walls of the chapel; next showing the women how to weed the garden, and superintending the work of the men in the field he was never still a moment. By the end of July the fields began to glow with the gold of harvest, the log dwellings were roofed and almost ready for occupation, and everyone was feasting on succulent vegetables from the virgin soil.

August brought a plentiful harvest. The grain was threshed and taken to the Hudson's Bay grist mill at Fort Edmonton. The oats were cut for food, the vegetables stored in root cellars on the hillside. Alexis, Father Lacombe's famous guide, led the hunters to the plains on the great fall buffalo hunt. Those who remained at St. Albert brought in each night huge bags of wild ducks and geese shot amongst the reed fringes of Big Lake. "It is the golden age," wrote Father Lacombe, uplifted by the reward for his labours.

Next spring the Father determined to bridge the Sturgeon at the foot of the hill. Twenty Metis families had now settled at St. Albert, and every second Sunday the priest crossed to hold service at Fort Edmonton. They had been using a raft as a ferry which was both clumsy and unsafe. One Sunday after Mass Father Lacombe stepped outside and said: "My friends, I am finished to cross that way in the water, walking in the mud on the bank, and pushing the raft. I'll build me a bridge, and if any of you do not help me -that man shall not cross on the bridge; he shall go through the water. Yes, I will have a man there to keep watch."

Next morning the settlement to the last man, woman and child was out helping to build the bridge. An old French-Canadian supervised the building while Father Lacombe fed the workers on

and tea. Three days saw the completion of the task. To the Metis, who had never seen the light, it was a marvel in engineering. Grown-ups and children alike ran back and forth across it laughing and clapping their hands. For years it was the only one in the country and was known far and wide simply as The Bridge.

(Bring in item here about Hudson's Bay officials being wrathful at this "desecration", and insisting that the bridge be destroyed..... See Catherine Huge's book).

Father Lacombe now needed many things for the new St. Albert Mission. In those days goods were brought into the country by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose ships sailed from England to Hudson Bay, from which point they were freighted by Indian-manned York boat brigades two thousand miles through the wilderness to Edmonton. Charges were high and Father Lacombe felt that he couldn't afford the goods he required. Finally he organized a Red River cart brigade and set out for Fort Garry. They were a month going and another month returning, covering some 1,800 miles with these creaking and primitive ~~xxxxxx~~ ox-carts. It is said that this was the first cart brigade to carry freight twixt the Red River Settlement and Fort Edmonton. Within a few years thousands of these squealing, creaking vehicles were making the day hideous as they rolled slowly along the Great Trail.

Brother Scollen returned with Father Lacombe to open a school in Fort Edmonton. This - the first school in Alberta - was

held in a low, log building just within the fort walls which was destroyed about 1916. There were twenty pupils of all sizes and ages, boys and girls alike, attired in buckskin. They were but little accustomed to staying indoors, much less to sitting still, and Brother Scollen admitted that he had his hands full. Few could read, fewer could write or spell, and none were anxious to learn. But Brother Scollen's perseverance, overcoming all obstacles, made Edmonton's first school a crowning success.

Another "Tall" Story

~~The tall tales of Alberta are as good as any, anywhere. In fact, maybe better.. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Down at Brooks, an old timer tells this story about a ~~high wind.~~ prevailing winds

" One day when we were on the roundup a heck of a wind started to blow.. I knew it was going to be a humdinger so I picked out the biggest beef I could see and slung it back of my saddle to weigh down my horse and keep us from being blowed away. The other boys saw what I was doing and did the same.. The wind blew so cold and so hard and for so long that all of us got penumonia,, and all them other fellows kicked off one by one till I was left alone..

The wind blew for days,, but me and the horse and that beef stuck together.. Barns,, houses,, chickens,, fences and all kinds of things kept blowing past us,, but the funniest thing was an old fellow a-settin' in a rocking chair,, sailing along through the air.. As he came nigh me he yelled for a match,, but by the time I'd dug through three inches of sand in my jeans,, he was out of sight.. But pretty soon a telephone came by,, so I grabbed it and told the central in the next township that an old fellow in a rocking chair was headed that way,, and would she see to it that someone had a light ready for his pipe!!

The storm finally blew itsself out,, so I dumped off the steer and rounded up the 10000 head of cattle that had drifted more than a hundred miles. When I got them home to the ranch I saw a big hat lying on the ground,, so I picked it up.. Under it was my old friend still in his rocking chair and puffing away at his pipe..

" Ah,, " I said,, " so you found a match.."

As you may judge from the tale just told,. the tall story comes easily to the lips of many an Adirondack native.. They tell me that one of the favorite methods of catching deer in the Adirondacks is very economical. Ammunition isn't necessary.. You put up a wooden fence on the top rail of which salt is sown.. On the first cold night of the season you replace the wooden rail with an iron one so when the buck starts to lick the salt his tongue is ~~stuck~~ sticks to the rail and the next morning you can dispose of him as you will. If you ~~prefer rabbits to deer the thing to~~ do is paint some stones black and throw them lightly into a snow-bank.. When ~~presued~~ pursued the rabbit will think that the black spots are ~~xxxxx~~ holes.. Sure as taxes he will make a dive ~~for~~ crack his head on a stone and expire,, and save you a lot of trouble.

ALBERTA

Ghost Laid

In Alberta's Athabaska Valley, west of Edmonton, is the little ghost town of Brule. Nobody has lived there for years.

Brule was born when coal was found there in the early part of the century. In the 1920s, coal output was up to 1,800 tons a day. Profits, while not enormous ($168,000 in the best year), were enough to encourage the owners to spend thousands of dollars on improvements. A race track and a golf course were built (both are now overgrown by scrub pine). But the quality & quantity of Brule coal fell off. In 1928 the mine was closed. Workers looked elsewhere for jobs. Soon all that

* For news of U.S. crops, see BUSINESS.

BRULE
Soon it would belong to the forest.

was left was a grimy tipple, two empty schools, an empty hospital, a church where no one worshiped, some 80 empty houses. By 1940 the owners, the Blue Diamond Coal Co., tired of paying taxes, gave the town to the provincial government.

A fortnight ago the province laid Brule's ghost. All the town's houses, plus a bunkhouse and the tipple, were sold to Contractor Soren Madsen of Mountain Park, Alba., for $8,000. He promised to dismantle and haul away his purchases, figured he would salvage more than 300,000 board feet of salable lumber. The province itself got ready to raze and salvage Brule's church, schools, hospital. Soon the stripped townsite would once again belong to the forest.

ANOTHER PALE-FACE INVENTION

In a remote part of Northern Alberta ~~in the farthermost corner of a large Indian reserve~~, Joe Paul, a newly married man, lived with his squaw in a small shack. Rumors had been spreading to those remote spots, of beautiful "keep um warms," or Hudson's Bay blankets. When Joe heard of these he was bound to get one for his "Ramona."

The way was long and very primitive to the town of Kinuso, where the nearest trading post was, but Joe packed his canoe with furs, flour, and fat for ~~back~~, and some ~~small~~ slabs of cured moose meat. Two days travel it was up the cumbersome Swan River, filled with swift flowing currents and rapids, in which many a brave had lost his life. After forty-eight hours travel Joe arrived at the trading post in Kinuso.

The Hudson's Bay Fort was a log building, directly off the "main" road of the town. Joe removed the pack and canoe from his back, and sauntered timidly in.

"Aye now what 'ud ~~ye~~ be a wantin' here, man?" was the greeting given by Colin MacDougall, the Hudson's Bay Factor.

"Me want um big keep um warm," Joe replied.

~~The rest of the procedure was simple~~. The bartering went on in the usual manner, and Joe was ready ~~again~~ to return to his Ramona. It was dark ~~out~~ when he had finished repacking and was moving laborously down the one and only street. Suddenly, without warning there was a terrific rattle behind him. Joe ~~carefully~~ shot a glance to the rear, and there were two monstrous eyes gleaming at him, and back of the eyes the rattle continued. Joe let out a ~~squeal~~ and ~~then~~ began to run with the clinking, clanking, ~~collision of junk~~, tearing along behind him. He ran and ran, and the faster he ran the faster the ~~thing came behind him~~. A deep roar like that of a ~~fighting~~ mad moose, ~~only louder~~, boomed from the oncoming ~~monster~~. The eyes were making a path down the road, and in the path galloped the half dementd Indian. The blocks fled by ~~like inches~~ until the exhausted Indian fell on his stomach

in the middle of the road, hoping and praying that the animal would smell him and give him up for dead.

The first known car in the district screeched to a stop, and the Hudson's Bay Factor leaped to see "what in tarnation"was the matter.

After bringing Joe back to his senses by letting him see that the contraption was only another pale-face invention, Joe climbed into the Model "T" and experienced his first car ride.

JOHN'SON'S CANYON

Old Trapper, who hath left thy name
To this wild canyon, but nothing of thy fame.

For this neglect, if naught of disrespect,
Whom ~~can~~ shall we blame?

The caretaker at Banff, when Questioned
of this beauty spot,
And asked of Johnson, said 'God wot,
No business of mine, I knew him not."

Mayhap so many years ago,
Came Johnson to this spot,
To pause and welcome night's sweet fall,
The ~~perfect~~ campsite perfect, all in all,

To rest the ponies, ease the pack,
So ~~then~~ nothing ~~did~~ they lack.

No sound disturbed thee.

But the roar of passing cataract
Enhanced thy slumber,
Hard by the creek shore.
The ~~animals~~ horses grazed contentedly,
And ~~Till~~ bellies filled, they lazed,
In comfort for the night,
Till dawn again grew bright.

Who was this Johnson, he who gave the name
To this loved spot,
Deceased, and long since gone,
yet alway by his name forever known?

His name lives on,
The careless multitude heeds not.

For thousands visit now this place,
Its path made easy, cut in the face of rock,

And bridged, so all may go
To see the topmost cave,
And water's over throw.

Constrained the waters,
Louder grows the roar;
Beyond the sight, unending,
The melting snows
Make waters more.

J.P.Simcox., Feb., 1943.

Great Indian Characters

By F. G. WEIR

Maskepetoon (Broken-Arm)

WE KNOW nothing of the early life of Maskepetoon, the great chief of the Blood Crees, and the records of his later years are meagre, yet what is recorded is of such a character as to leave us with the impression that here was another of nature's noblemen.

He was born somewhere on the open plains of what is now the Province of Alberta, probably sometime between the years 1780 and 1790.

When Rev. George McDougall was on a tour of the western prairies in 1862, having traversed a great part of the country, he was desirous of meeting Chief Maskepetoon before returning to Norway House, his headquarters. The fact that Maskepetoon was so widely known in the country and was of such importance that McDougall was anxious to meet him, indicates that he was more than an ordinary chief.

The party of missionaries, including, beside George McDougall, his son John, Thomas Woolsey, Peter Erasmus and others, were travelling across the hills, keeping together and guarding against surprise by hostile bands of Indians, when notwithstanding all their watchfulness they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a troop of Indian cavalry. John McDougall, in his account of the experience, says: "With whoops and yells and fine horsemanship they bore down upon us, and I did not know what to do for a while. But Peter did not seem to mind them; he only sat his horse straighter than before, and soon I knew these were friends sent out to escort us into camp.

"Then as we kept on the trail, presently we saw a flag, and coming up over the hill a small body of riders, and in the centre a 'kingly-looking man.'

"'That is Maskepetoon,' said Mr. Woolsey. We alighted as we met, and the chief, addressing the Deity, expressed his thankfulness because of father's coming, and invoked a blessing on our meeting. They all shook hands, and in company with the chief and escort we continued on our way to the camp."

As they rode toward the camp, John took stock of his surroundings. He observed that the Indians were "fine specimens generally, and some of them were good looking." They were all armed with bow and arrow, and flint-lock guns. "Nearly all were painted; red, yellow, and blue being the chief colors, red predominating." All his life John had lived among Indians who were canoe men, wood hunters and fishermen; men who for generations had been at peace, but here he saw men who were hunters of the buffalo and warriors, some of them wore scalp-locks recently plucked from the heads of their enemies. This picturesque procession moved on toward the camp and at its head the "kingly-looking man," Maskepetoon.

The camp was a hive of activity. "Women were dressing skins, scraping hides, rendering tallow, pounding meat, making pemmican, slicing up the fresh meat and hanging it on stages; some were cooking; some were sewing with awl for needle and sinew for thread. Scores of naked children were playing and eating and crying in every direction.

"Here we alighted," says John McDougall, "and the chief again welcomed the strangers to his country and camp. And once more invoked heaven's blessings upon the meeting, and then invited us to enter a large tent, which was to be our home while in the camp." By and by a bountiful meal was set before the missionaries. It consisted of buffalo tongues and "boss," that is the third set or back ribs of the buffalo. "In due time, after our meal was over, the chief asked father when he would be ready to address his people; and father said as soon as the camp could be gathered he was ready. Then the chief summoned two men, and said to them, 'Ride forth on either side and shout to my people, and say, "Our friends the praying men have come. One of them is from afar. He is now about to speak to us words of truth and wisdom. All who can be spared from care of camp and guard of horses come and listen."'"

After McDougall had addressed the camp, and the religious exercises were ended, Maskepetoon arose and with quiet dignity spoke as follows: "My people, I told you that my friend from the east would speak to you words of wisdom and truth. You have listened to him, and I want you to think of what you have heard. Let this sink into your hearts, for all my friend has said will come to pass. The Great Spirit has sent these praying men to teach us his will. To-morrow we will show our friends our manner of obtaining a livelihood. My runners have brought word that the buffalo are in large numbers near by, and we will go on a grand hunt to-morrow. Only the necessary guards will remain with the camp. Now let the guards be set for to-night, and let there be no recurrence of what took place last night. Some one slept at his post, and the enemy came within the circle of tents, and if he had not been detected, would have stolen and perhaps killed. Shame on the young man who would allow that to happen! Go now to your tents, put the camp in order, and remember our friends are tired; they have ridden far. Let there be no unnecessary noise, no drumming or gambling to-night. Let the camp be quiet; let our friends rest in peace."

The open plain in 1780 of what is now Alberta

The following day the missionaries took part in a grand hunt. It was a thrilling affair with plenty of action and adventure. After it was over there were many fat carcasses lying on the plain.

One day, for the benefit of the missionaries, the chief and his people staged a horse race. It was run over a course of about five or six miles, and created a considerable amount of excitement. The visitors were much impressed by the exhibition of fine horsemanship.

The missionaries were delighted with the courtesy and consideration they received during the time they remained at the camp of Maskepetoon, and noted especially how the camp was subject to the influence of the chief, who ruled as a king and was respected as such by his people.

In 1840 three missionaries were sent out from England to establish missions in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. One of them, Rev. Robert Rundle, was sent to Edmonton House. Under the influence of Rundle, Maskepetoon became a Christian. He became a close friend of the missionaries and gave them valuable assistance, oft-times accompanying the McDougalls on their missionary journeys.

On one occasion, John McDougall, while hunting, met Maskepetoon on the plains. The two were standing together when a native, an old man, approached, and after shaking hands with the missionary held out his hand to the chief; but Maskepetoon turned away, nor would he accept the offered courtesy until McDougall had persuaded him to do so. Maskepetoon then turned his face toward the old man who at once recognized the chief, and at the same time "burst forth in thanksgiving for kindness he had received." Maskepetoon, apparently deeply moved, for a while stood in silence. This scene was puzzling to McDougall until Maskepetoon said, "John, that man killed my son, and I have often longed to kill him; but because I have wanted to embrace the Christian religion, I have with great effort kept from avenging my son's murder. I have never spoken to him or shaken hands with him until now. Meeting your father and you has softened my heart, and now I have given him my hand. It was a hard thing to do, but it is done, and he need fear no longer as far as I am concerned."

In 1868 and for several years following there was a great deal of unrest on the prairies, due, for the most part, to the changes that were taking place in the country. The Indians were alarmed when they became aware that the buffalo were fast disappearing from the plains, and each year were more difficult to find. They found another cause for alarm in the coming of the white settlers. They feared that their country would be taken from them; that they would no longer enjoy the privileges that were theirs when they were "monarchs of all they surveyed." Their fears were increased when they heard that the Government at Ottawa was buying the country from the Hudson's Bay Company, and the state of their feelings was aggravated by the high-handed conduct of certain officials of the Government who acted without due respect for the rights of the native peoples. Moreover there was the long standing condition of strife between the Crees and the warlike Blackfeet, who were almost continually on the warpath.

In 1860 Rev. Thomas Woolsey, writing from Edmonton, said: "Last month at the Fort a Cree deliberately shot a Blackfoot chief and scalped him on the spot. As I am finishing this a messenger comes saying that a war party of Blackfeet fell upon some Crees, killing twenty."

During those days Maskepetoon rendered valuable service in the interests of peace. He was far-sighted enough to see that a change was coming on the plains; that "the old order was changing, yielding place to new." He had the insight to understand that to resist the change was foolish; for that the Indians to adapt themselves to the new conditions was the way of wisdom. He used his powerful influence to allay the fears of his people, and to bring about a condition of good will between the warring tribes. He died a martyr to the cause.

One day the aged chief set out for the camp of the Blackfeet, carrying a Bible in one hand, and a white flag of peace in the other. His object was to arrange a treaty between the Blackfeet and the Crees, and thus bring to an end the long-standing feud that had caused so much sacrifice of life and property.

But the Blackfeet had not forgotten the slaying of one of their chiefs by a Cree, near Edmonton, as related by Mr. Woolsey. When Natos, the chief of the Blackfeet, saw Maskepetoon coming he incited his men to take revenge. Maskepetoon was treacherously shot. His body was cut in pieces, tied to the tails of horses and dragged through the camp. Such was the tragic end of the career of the noble chief of the Blood-Crees.

Concerning his death, a certain writer has said: "It was a national loss to both whites and Indians. He was a faithful friend to the missionaries and the white man. East of the mountains his influence was greater than that of any other chief throughout the whole country. He was known by both friend and foe as a Christian and a peacemaker."

Out on Strike

(*Continued from page 51.*)

"Leave that to me! We didn't understand," remarked Gordon simply. "It's awful easy to be sure when you know only one side."

"You have made a great discovery," agreed the principal. "Now, then, to business. There is no substitute teacher available. If we could carry Mr. Potter's work a few weeks without expense we might suspend the rules and help him financially in this crisis."

"That would be fine," agreed Gordon.

"I am glad to hear you say so. I understand that you were elected teacher one day?"

"Oh, that was just a joke, you see." To his credit, be it said, Gordon blushed and stammered.

"I wonder if it was. I remember you once admitted that you felt able to handle a class in geometry."

"Doctor Davis, please don't think too badly of me. I know I was foolish, and I suspect you are making fun of me."

"Not at all. I think I am on the right track. Will you take the class as student instructor under the general direction of Professor Gladden, who will revise the final markings for the term. Dig in hard, get up the work, and make good yourself, as well as do a good turn for Mr. Potter?"

Gordon was embarrassed, but presently spoke:

"You overestimate me, Doctor Davis, but I appreciate the compliment and at least no one shall say that I wouldn't try. I'll do the best I can."

"Thank you, Bailey; I'll have the notice posted."

Two days later the second bell rang as Gordon Bailey walked into a class assembled by the notice that a substitute teacher would be on hand. The substitute was plainly nervous and began at once:

"Fellow students, we all know that Mr. Potter is sick, and if we knew all that he has been through the last two years, we would have been more charitable. We hope he'll soon be better. Doctor Davis asks us to get on without a paid teacher the next five weeks and help Mr. Potter and the school, and he has asked me to do what I can to hold things together. Professor Gladden will revise the final markings for the term. What do you say? Shall we go ahead with it, or —what?"

Ensued a painful pause. This was a new Gordon Bailey, as yet unknown to those present.

"What becomes of our strike?" objected Pat Connolly. Gordon stood looking at the group before him and suddenly the whole situation turned over in his mind like a geometrical figure, and the former leader of escapades found his opponents in front of the desk and not behind it. It was a shock that nearly unnerved him for the moment. Since he could remember, the teacher had had it in for him as a pupil and was never so happy as when making him uncomfortable. Therefore the teacher was to be hoodwinked and got around by any means possible. Now, all this was instantly changed; the students rose up before him to make him trouble and to be wheedled into working and got around if possible for their own good. It was amazing that a class could look so different from the other side of the desk.

Somebody was talking, but Bailey was not listening. A consuming big idea was taking him by storm. One thing he wanted as he had never wanted anything before in all his life, and that was to make good with the class. Would they give him a chance?

Bailey's hesitation saved him; his former spirit would have ended matters then and there. His comrades could not know what was in his mind but they did sense a new earnestness and humility that awakened their own latent spirit of loyalty.

Harry Epstein was speaking. "See here, folks, what's the use of acting like a lot of half-grown kids? We have done enough foolishness already. Doctor Davis has done the best he could and Gordon's willing to try. He will make good if we stick together and stand by him. This is our chance to show that we can play the game. I move that we back up Gordon Bailey. All in favor, vote 'Aye.' It is a vote, unanimous so far as I can see and hear. Now, Mr. Student Substitute, go ahead with this class."

EARLY TIME HOTEL RULES

A traveller who came into Alberta in 1884 remembers a few of the "Rules and Regulations" for the guests at the Macleod Hotel.

Spiked boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.

Not more than one dog allowed to be kept in each single room.

Assaults on the cook are strictly prohibited.

Quarrelsome or boisterous persons, also these who shoot off, without provocation, guns or other explosive weapons on the premises, and all boarders who get killed, will not be allowed to remain in the house.

In case of FIRE the guests are requested to escape without unnecessary delay.

No cheques cashed for anyone. Payment must be made in cash, Gold Dust of Blue Chips.

To attract attention of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through the door panel. Two shots for ice water, three for a deck of cards and so on.

All guests are requested to rise at six A.M. This is imperative as the sheets are needed for table cloths.

From Mr. McDougall, member of the staff at the Edmonton Normal School.

Early Days in Strathcona

She had a very wrinkled old face, worn hands, and streaked white hair, and her eyes were misty as she told us of her girlhood days. "My sister and I were born here in Strathcona - - we're old timers. We had a glorious time, loved dancing, but there was no dance hall here at all. Edmonton was gay and full of dancing but it was across the river and there were no bridges. But we solved this problem. We would walk down the bank to the river edge, take off our shoes and stockings, daintily tuck up our skirts and petticoats and wade across." Then with a twinkle in her eyes,"The river is going down again. Think of the car fare you girls will save for those boyfriends."

She went on with a chuckle, "I can still remember the battle over where the University was to be situated. Calgary and Edmonton were even then the largest towns and competition was just as high as it is today. Both wanted the University, but the decision was left to Premier Rutherford. Being a good politician, he said that neither Calgary nor Edmonton would be honored. So the University was built in Strathcona."

"I'll never forget the night we almost caught a burglar. Old Mrs. Johnstone was over visiting Mother for the evening. We girls were all in bed when Mrs. Johnstone decided to go home. Mother walked with her as it was very late. Suddenly there was an awful noise which sounded like women yelling, "Stop! Murder! Police!" Sure enough it was Mother, Mrs. Johnstone, and half the neighbors, chasing a man who had evidently been about to rob one of the them. But the funny part was that all the women were in their long white nightgowns. Out of bed we jumped and away after the poor men, a score of

white-gowned, yelling women pursuing a man who was somewhat puzzled by the situation.

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A Snake Story

My Grand father first came to Alberta in 1911 and settled in Wainwright. The home he built, like those of his neighbours, was constructed of large pieces of sod cut from the ground and piled one on top of the other.

As winter approached snakes in the districts began hunting for warm places to hibernate. Grandpa noticed a few around his property and wondered where they were hiding. One day he noticed a heavy bulge in the thick paper nailed to the ceiling. Being curious, he slit the paper with a knife and down tumbled a squirming mass of snakes!

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-Helen Ward's Father.

GOING TO EDMONTON

I got up early one morning last week and built a fire. Paw was going across to Edmonton and he wanted to catch the first ferry.

Young Bill was out a-ketchin' the pair of bays, as fine a pair a pacers as ever you did see. At four o'clock, just dawn, young Bill shouted that the rig were fixed. Paw swallowed his coffee, slipped on his makinaw and off he went. My but them hosses looked perty, a pacin' and a hoppin' down the trail. Well just after paw got outer sight, old man Jones comes a-speedin' down the trail in his dog-cart hauled by a fast pair of chestnuts, almost pure Arabian he claims. Now paw and he was awful strong rivals and paw speeded up the bays so's old man Jones couldn't pass him up. Jones gave his chestnuts the whip, and the race were on.

As all you folksknow, jest t'other side of old Garneau place there's a powerful steep hill down to the ferry. Well, the rigs hit that there to beat Joseph. Paw a'whippin', Jones a'whippin', and the hosses a'pantin'. Perty near half way down the hill paw's harness broke, and he ran into a mighty big tree. Old man Jones near laughed his head off, but twernt funny, 'cause paw done busted his laig.

So I guess I'll just have to do without that thar new fangled warsh tub or bath tub or somepins till paw fixes to go across to Edmonton again.

MR. GARNEAU AND DISTRICT

Mr. Garneau, a French Canadian, took out a homstead in what is now the Garneau district of Edmonton, that is, he owned all the property from the river to 82nd Avenue, and from 112 street to 109 street. The land at that time was divided into river lots, as it was in Quebec. Garneau's property was river lot number seven. After marrying an Indian, he built a house on what is now 11109 - 91 st Avenue; but his wife, unaccustomed to such a dwelling, woyld not live in it. Therefore he built a shack for her nearby that has since been torn down.

Garneau was under suspicion during the Riel Rebellion. The Indians used to cut across the property to attack Fort Edmonton, and Garneau was suspected of helping them. However this was never proved.

About 1910 he decided to subdivide his property and put the lots up for sale. One man offered to by a lot near where Robertson Lodge now stands, for five dollars, if Mr. Garneau would treat him to drinks in the Strathcona Hotel. When Mr. Garneau, who was a strong drinker, took the man to the hotel, the man led him on until Garneau had bought him five dollars worth of drinks.

Garneau gave his section of the property from 110 st. - 109 st., and from the river to Whyte Avenue, to the Catholic Church at St. Albert, in payment for educating his children. In 1912 the Catholics dug the foundation for a cathedral in the middle of 109 block, between 84 and 85 th avenue. However they never began to build the church because the French Bishop who proposed the site died. The new Irish Archbishop, O'Leary decided that the location was not central enough, so the Catholics abandoned the site, leaving the hole. They sold some of their property, letting the rest go to the city for taxes.

The children who lived in the Garneau district used to skate in the hole until the Garneau Community League was built about 1928.

I came to the conclusion that Mr. Garneau was rather a shiftless

worthless man, only worth remembering for the fact that our district and many of our buildings were named after him.

Source of information - Mrs. Cogswell and Elizabeth Cogswell.

THE BUFFALO HUNT

About 1870 two main settlements sprang uo at Edmonton and Prince Albert. The vast and lonely prairie separated them from their eastern sisters. Their only source of communication was by the canoes on the Saskatchewan or by the ricketty old Red River Carts drawn by oxen or horses.

The great events of the year were the spring and summer buffalo hunts participated in by the Indians, braves and the settlers, most of whom were Mitis or French half-breed. These majestic animals were rounded up in great herds by yelling, racing demons on horseback, colorfully painted and dressed up for the occasion.

A fovourite indian feat was to dash up to a selected animal, single it from the herd and then deal the death blow.

The wastage of these poor beasts was terrible. Younger braves learnes to shoot for the first time, firing wild shots into noble herds. Hundreds of buffalo were killed merely for their hides or a few cents to be paid for the delicacy of their tongues.

But they killed "the goose that laid the golden egg" for the carcass of this animal had provided them with clothes, houses boots, bridles, saddles, weapons, fuel, meat and their very life.

By 1870 this monarch of the prairies and mainstay of the Indians had nearly gone. There were so few that the Dominion Government had to intervene and place the remainder on reserves.

These wild nomads of the plains little compare with our quiet, rather motheaten buffalo, peacefully munching grass at the Edmonton Zone.

Information - from relatives and the Library.

THE PART PLAYED BY EDMONTON DURING THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION OF 1885

1885, besides marking the establishment of the Edonton School District, marked the outbreak of the North West Rebellion.

The causes of the outbreak being referred to as the disappearance of the buffalo, the restlessness of the half-breed population, the restrictions on horse thieving along the border by the police, and the interference of government surveyors, the return of Riel in 1884 was said to have been the most serious of all. Half-breed meetings were held at Duck Lake and Prince Albert, and early in 1885, superintendent Crozier of the R.C.M.P. stationed at Fort Carlton, wired Superintendent Irvine at Regina, warning him of a possible outbreak and asking for re-enforcements.

The first battle occured at Duck Lake on March 26th where Superintendent Crozier, with about one hundred men, met a rebel force, two or three times as strong. It was a desperate skirmish, many being killed on both sides. The West began to show signs of alarm.

The father of Maj. Gen. W.A. Griesbach, Superintendent Griesbach, was stationed at Fort Saskatchewan. He began to strengthen the Fort's fortifications, digging a well inside the fort, and building a new stockade. On April 7th a rider brought news of a massacre of white people at Frog Lake, and the women and children of surrounding districts, rapidly came to the Fort for protection.

On April 7th Superintendent Griesbach came to Edmonton. A meeting of citizens was held and a volunteer company formed. The men were given arms and the fort guns, two brass four-pounders, were pressed into service.

The Alberta Field Force, organized by General Strange, consisted of 220 men and 175 wagons and carts left Calgary on April 20th for Edmonton. On May 1 the company arrived, crossed the river on John

Walter's ferry, formed up and ascended the hill to the South gate, where a salute from the company's two brass aannons was fired by the Edmonton Home Guard.

The guard was disbanded and publically thanked by General Strange.

Meanwhile the Alberta Field Forwe, comprised of over 500 men, went forward and engaged the Indians under Big Bear, near Frenchman's Butte and at Loon Lake.

These operations prevented the danger of an Indian uprising in Alberta.

These men gave their lives with motives just as high as those who gave their lives in World War 1 and those that are giving theirs in this one.

The main part of this story was suggested by Mrs. Annie Reid, who lived at Battle River, Alberta, which was one of the points that was defended by the Alberta Field Force.

Years ago it was the unatterable rule that when a man gave an election speech he should invite his opponent to the gathering. In 1896 there was adominion election. The late Hon. Frank Oliver, Liberal candidate and Cochrane, a Conservative, were comtesting for a seat in the House of Commons. The Conservati ve candidate was supported by the Hon. Hugh John MacDonald, son of the first Premier of Canada, Sir John A. MacDonald. This campaign was held in the summer.

Atmthis time, what is now Edmonton, was two separate towns. Edmonton was on the North side of the river and on the South side was South Edmonton. There was quite a space between the towns as they did not extend very close to the river. The river was crossed by ferries, and there were two ferries at the Upper Crossing which was from just below old Hudson's Bay Fort on the North side to Watter's Saw Mill on the South side which is now Watterdale. The road that went from the mill to South Edmonton is the same as the one thday that goes from 107th Street to the 105th Street Bridge.

One summer evening the Conservative candidate staged an outdoor meeting in south Edmonton. He used for his rostrum a bandstand which stood just across the street from the Strathcona Hotel on the West side of the C.P.R. station where occasionally band concerts were given on a summer evening. South Edmonton was a small community and a large proportion gathered about listening to the candidate and the Hon. Hugh John.

Accidentally smome wag in the audience was more attracted by Hon. Hugh John's nose than by what the candidate had to say, and to those about him he excitedly remarked, "Look at his nose, look at his nose, it's just like his dad's."

The meeting progressed and Cochrane and his friend were just about to leave the band-stand when some of the crowd, looking westward along Whyte Avenue, saw a cloud of dust approching. The speekers had decended the steps and were moving off to their own buggy to return to Edmonton, when the Hon. Frank Oliver pulled up to the bandstand in a one horse buggy. He through the lines over the dashboard, jumped out and rushed on to the stand, where for the space of five or ten minutes, he gave his opponent a most severe word lashing for his ungentlemanly and reprehensi ble conduct in stealing a march on him and calling a political meetin without doing his opponent the common courtesy of inviting him to attend.

The crowd enjoyed the event immensely. Probably the Hon. Frank Oliver received the votes of nearly everyone in the crowd, and in any event he was elected by a most satisfactory majority.

Source - Mr, A. Bisset.

Mrs, McDougall sat petrified listening to the incessant beat of war drums and the blood-curdling cries of the warriors, desperately hoping her husband would return in time to rescue her from this fate worse than death - scalping. She was in a small Blackfeet v village, a prisoner of the brutal Iroquois, who had taken advantage of the absence of the men to occupy this tiny settlement in which Mrs. McDougall was the only white person. Mr. McDougall with many of the Blackfeet braves had gone to Macleod for provisions and had not as yet returned.

The time dragged on. She wasn't realy afraid but still stunned by the happenings. Suddenly a shoy rang out; the drums stopped beating; the war cries ceased, leaving a dreadful silence to beat against her eardrums. Immediately she leapt to the opening of her tent to look out. There, surrounded by sowering Iroquois, sat her husband, to her a handsome hero on a coal black charger, come to rescue her.

Although he was very young, all Indians respected this white man, who, as a missionary had healed their sick and helped them, regardless of their color or tribe. Thus it was that they stole away as he entered the camp alone.

Mr. McDougall ran to his wife to find her weeping hysterically; the sudden release being too much for her tense nerves. When he had sufficiently quieted her, he explained why he had returned alone. While he was on the trail he had had a sudden feeling that she was in danger. Without questioning his impulses he had left the troop, in the care of a fathfull brave; had pressed his horse to a high speed; and had arived just in time to save his wife.

Early next morning when the troup arrived, Mr. McDougall went out to get the provisions for his wife. With these he had brought her an apple, a thing she hadn't seen since she had come to this village two years before. To her the apple was beautiful - the mosy exquisite article she had ever beheld. Her joy Knew no bounds. Although her husband had expected her to eat she said that she couldn't bear to ruin such a lovely piece of art. She set it on a shelf where she could look at it any time of the day to lift her spirits. When it started to spoil and loose its beauty she did eat it.

Mrs. McDougall of Calgary said this happened to her about seventy years ago.

"CHRISTMAS TREE KING"

How many business pioneers have built up a thriving concern, only to find themselves driven to the wall by others? That is what Indians on on the Sarcee R eserve are finding in recent years as a trade which they introduced into Calgary many years ago gradually dwindles out of their control.

There are still many Old Timers who remember the Sarcee brave, Foxtail, who died a few years ago at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Foxtail always had an urge for business, and seized upon the Christmas festivities of the Bow and Elbow to augment his income with a winter harvest hitherto unknown to other members of his tribe. For it was Foxtail who first capitalized the Christmas celebration in Calgary by bringing in a sleigh-load of suitable evergreen spruce trees from the reserve. These he quickly disposed of in the little settlement, at prices compared with the present rates.

From that day until his death, Foxtail was "Christmas Tree King" of the reserve. The annual harvest developed with the city, until it was the principal source providing the Sarcee band with ready cash for their tribal festivities on the twenty-sixth, which is the day when the communal celebrations are held on the reserve.

But the Indian no longer controls the sales. Even at the low values at which he rates his labor, he cannot compare with his white brother, who trucks evergreens into the city, and sells them at a profit.

A few Sarcee still bring in their loads of trees, mostly catering to a trade among the pioneers, who, for sentimental reasons still prefer to patrinize Calgary's first Christmas tree merchants. But generally Chief Jae Big Plume's sentiments, when he said,"business no good. Not worth while bringing trees in. Too many trees now. White man he get it all", expressess the situation. But if the Indian has lost the trade, many local farmers and residents glean a little added revenue from the trade which the Indians have developed.

THE FIRST WHITE WEDDING.

The first white wedding was celebrated in Calgary in I883, just 60 years ago in an Anglican church. The two wedded were Mr. Hugh B. Ingram, to Miss Mary Ann Ingram. They were not related. There had been other marriages before, but this was the first really white wedding. The old church has since been replaced by the modern Pro-Cathedral on the same site.

The Ingrams had arrived in Calgary by stagecoach before a railroad had been built into Calgary, and had many experiences while living in that district during the North West Revolution of I885, when the Indians became quite troublesome and hostile. In the battle neither of the Ingrams were hurt.

Their grandson, Hugh Ingram, attended University High School last year, and is now serving in the Air Force.

From Mr. L.G. Ingram

JIM BIRD'S ATONEMENT

It was golden September in 1877 and sixty miles east of the little settlement "The Elbow," as Calgary was then known, at the fomous Blackfeet crossing of the Bow, a colourful and significant pageant was being enacted. Hundreds of brilliantly decorated, conical, brown leather tepees of the Blackfeet dotted most of the beautiful valley. On the south side of the river were the imposing white tents of the Treaty Commision, The trim camp of the Mounted Police, and the less orderly freight wagons and tents of Macleod traders waiting to gather in the flood of money that would circulate with the signing of the Blackfeet Treaty.

Only three years had passed since the Mounted Police had enforced order and justice throughout the Blackfeet country. Previous th this "mutual murdermhad been the standard amusement of Indians and Whites" and even now, every Indian was carrying a repeating rifle and generally two belts of cartridges, one or two revolvers and a large knife. The squaws, too, had knives and some of them a revolver as well. "Armed to the teeth" could well be applied to the Blackfeet on this occasion and it served to remind that it was less than two years since the murder of General Custer and his United States Cavalry. The Mounted Police numbered less than one hundred and although armed with two small cannon besides their rifles they were aware that the Blackfeet were in a position of advantage if events should take a critical turn. "There was dynamite - lots of it - in the situation. But even dynamite can be handled with safety if conditions are right, and proper care is used." In contrast to this ominous aspect, the whites from the north were equipped only for hunting and in the picture were white women wandering about in their summer dresses and gay parasols "as

freely and with as little apparent concern as if the occasion were a Sunday School Picnic."

Plans for this treaty, by which Canada secured title to the wealth of Southern Alberta, some fifty thousand square miles, had been under way for many months and the opening date was set for Monday, September 17th. Although a few Indian bands had not yet arrived it was decided to proceed as scheduled.

The hour was signalled by the Police cannon; the scarlet and gold of the Mounted Guard of Honour gave vivid colour to the scene and the Union Jack floated out from the Commission's tent, a sign of Britain's word and her might to hold it good. The Indian Chiefs, in full dress of paint and feathers, portrayed the solemnity of the occasion on their expressionless countenances.

Honourable David Laird, chief commissioner and Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories, drew himself up to his full height and, with equal gravity, delivered his opening sentences expressing the good will of the government toward the Indians. He turned to his interpretor, waited expectantly, only to be met with a look of blankness. Jerry, a half-breed Blackfeet, although intimately aquainted with his own language, was utterly incapable of understanding such profundity much less of translating it. How could the terms be negotiated without someone to express,adequately, the terms from English to Blackfeet. It was a tense moment but consternation was neccessarily hidden and a thorough search made of all the camps for someone who could understand that this was a time of destiny.Finally, a Red River man, "Jimmy Jock", who had lived with the Indians for over fifty years, was brought forward. The son of an important officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, he had

been sent to England for his education. Upon returning, however, his life was tragically clouded when he accidently caused the death of a companion and relative. Being of a sensitive nature he was unable, thereafter, to find peace in the life of his own people, and when the buffalo hunters set out for the prairies he went with them, never to return.

Now, when destiny sought him out, James Bird, to call him by his real name, was old and blind but he had a marvelous command of both languages and as he stood, gazing with sightless eyes at the rows of Indians and whites before him, his past dimmed and he became inspired with his task. Thus, in true command, the breeze gently stirring his long gray hair, he expressed the words which were to bring peace and understanding between the Red Men and the White.

The "Blackfeet Indian Treaty" was consummated and Jim Bird's atonement for the death of one man was achieved in the security he made possible to many.

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This story is suggested by "The Blackfeet Indian Treaty", an eyewitness account by the late Honourable Frank Oliver appearing in the March 15th, 1931 edition of MacLean's. By courtesy of Mr. John Oliver.

THE LOST LEMON GOLD MINE

It was in about the year 1870 that three prospectors from Idaho, one by the name of Mr, Lemon, the other two unknown, had come up to Edmonton. After reaching this point they started back south along the mountains, panning each stream for gold as they came to it, with the intention that if they found goldin one of them, they would follow the stream to its sorce.

One night when they were west of Calgary, they came upon the Morley Indian Reserve at which they gained permission to stay the night. The following morning they started out, but the chief of the Reserve, was as most Indians in those times, a bit suspicious of the white man and definitely interested in what they were after. He sent two of his young braves to follow the prospectors and they were to keep track of them as long as they remained in Stoney territory. About two weeks later, for they had been panning every stream that they had come to, they were passing a spot west of High River, where the surface earth had been torn up exposing a vein of the highest grade of gold - about twenty percent. They pitched camp on the spot that night and each took as much gold as he could carry.

The Indians from a point further back, had been watching this procedure and it was during this same hight that Lemon killed his two colleagues, so that he might stake the claim for himself. He started on south again and the Indians came down to the spot of the gold and the two murdered men. They returned immediately to the Reserve. The chief made them swear to the Gods never to tell a sole of the gold or the killings and made them return to the place to cover it over as well as to remove the bodies far enough away so that they wouldn't serve as a land mark.

Whether it was something to do with the killings or the long trip back to Idaho by himself, it is said that Lemon was crazy when

he returned to his home with the gold. He had the gold tested and found it to be of the highest grade. He himself formed several parties to go back in search of it and although everyone thought or knew him to be crazy and his story likewise, there was still in the arqument the fact that he had the gold. None of the parties ever succeeded in finding the mine and Lemon finally died in his home in Idaho.

It was generally thought though that the Indians should know something about the story and one man bribed one of the two indians to take his party to the place. One night while they were camping the Indian guide disappeared, possibly because he was afraid of his oath to the chief.

Since that time two men have been found dead with samples of this gold, but Lemon was the only one ever to reach civilization to tell the story.

To this day people still go back into the mpuntains in hopes of finding the Lemon Gold Mine.

Senator Riley of High River has perhaps collected the most facts about this story and those that have grown up around it, some true and others imaginary. The later part is the most authentic it being on police records.

TRAVELS OF MARIA DITTMER

Maria was a young Viennese girl in Austria. She was married at the early age og eighteen to Leudwich Shepp, and in 1886 Theresa came into the world. About this time all of Austria was getting restless and unsatisfied, so, coming from a pioneering stock, the Shepps decided to become one of the many families who were venturing over the sea in search of more land and freedom. Rumors were going their rounds, as they always do, telling of the wonderful chances of anyone who went to the new found land of western Canada.

They left Austria before the war and came over the ocean in an immigration boat, to Halifax. Theresa was not even one year old and soon the Shepps were realizing th fantasy of their actions. With them they took the few belongings they had. The boats were crowded, food poor, and ocean rough. The waves washed over the deck and it was nothing short of a miracle that the family of three reached Halifax safely. The trip from Halifax to Medicine Hat was taken by train - and such a trip! Going across the prairie the dust and heat nearly killed the unaccustomed people. No air-conditioning, small food rations, and everything of the poorest. However Alberta and Medicine Hat were reached. Of course strictly speaking, there was no city of Medicine Hat then, but just an Indian settlement. This was where the Shepps made their home for three years - in a dugout in the ground.

Today while we laugh at the war cries of the Indians in shows, it was no laughing matter then to hear the tom-toms of the tribes nearby. The climate was not found satisfactory in Medicine Hat, being too dry there for the group was on its

way again. This time up the province to Red Deer by train, and from there to Edmonton by ox cart. This last part of the trip took two weeks; two weeks of agony and suffering for the three; two weeks of stopping neither night nor day; two weeks of inconveniences on the part of all. Bakin, even of the bread, was done on the cart and when the food ran short an odd rabbit or a few berries came in handy. When the North Saskatchewan River was reached, it was crossed on a ferrie and on the other side of the very river that now runs through our city the Shepps made their first home. That winter was spent in a tent, and little Theresa was often left alone while her father was out cutting logs for the house that was to be built in the spring. A house or hut, we would call it today, was built that spring. It was made with a straw roof and logs placed together with clay. This same two roomed hut is still standing today in Spruce Grove. It was here that Maria and Leudwich had their second child called mary, and it was while in that hut that a diptheria epidemic spread over the country. Hundreds of people were lost, the Shepp's neighbors loosing all their children. There was nothing the doctors could do and when Theresa and Cary came down with this terrible disease they said there was no hope. But Maria would not take this for an answer. She placed a bowl of steaming water at the head of each child and made them breath the steam. In this way neith child died, and Maria was triumphant. However this was not all. That fall a terrible hail storm was experienced. Everything was flattened out, even the little crop of wheat they had so carefully tended. That winter was a frightening one, since there was little food left after the hail, but in the spring Leudwich built another house and barn. True to pioneer custom, all the neighbors came to help Mr. Shepp build his barn. Even today you can see the name "Leudwich Shepp" carved in the wall of the barn.

Seven children were raised in that house in Spruce Grove by the Shepps and Maria's son raised five more in the same house.

So while we think nothing of having a city of Edmonton here, it was people like Maria and Leudwich Shepp who made "Edmonton the Crossroads Of the World" possible.

References -